

Special

Masai

200 years of slavery broken
Mama Africa, our blood scattered
All over the world like tokens
Still there are African tales unspoken
A tale of torn skin ripped open
By your leather whip
Bleeding from gaping wounds
From within mother earth's soil
Our blood germinates volition
You buried my umbilical cord so deep
Yet I am still here
Can't you see what you reaped?
My scarred strong muscular back,
The tyrant's rod snapped,
My clenched fists
Shattered the shackle's around my wrists
no more broken spirit, I am free
I am here, no myth, I am proud
Like my brethren across the sea
Oppression, you ruled,
Fed me with fear,
Hate and death,
Tired of all the dread
Still my penetrating eyes looked upon the skies
A breath of heaven, I found my comfort,
I found my faith
You reflect a dying pain
A pain you caused
You thought it would remain
Your iron hand could not withhold
My hope, my roots,
My strong African heartbeat
Yesterday your rage made me cry,
Yesterday you laughed at my crown
Threw it aside no laws to abide by
But today I still stand
Today I rise, tall and strong
Today by the grace of God I am alive
I am a proud Masai

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